

### WOMEN ACCORDED DUES AT NEW HOTEL

Everything Lovely Has Been Designed Especially to Suit Taste of the Fairer Sex.

#### LEND TONE TO ENTIRE SCENE

"Ladies first." That epitomizes the ideal of the Fontenelle. It is a motto that all men will applaud. Nothing is too good for the dear creature. What would the world be without them? And can one imagine a hotel inhabited by men only that would be attractive? Answer it, no.

There are a hundred little conveniences and luxuries and beautiful things in the Fontenelle that would not have been put there had it not been for the fair sex.

In fact, when it comes right down to brass tacks nothing nice and beautiful is made that would be made if it were not for the ladies.

They are the aesthetic members of the race. Man cares for little here below and he generally cares for that little to be useful and practical, rather than beautiful and impracticable.

**Ladies Beautiful.** Of course, the likes ladies to be beautiful. And, of course, the ladies like to enhance the effect (philosophers and cynics call it the "illusion") of their beauty by beautiful things.

Therefore magnificent dining rooms are built with handsomely decorated ceilings, lovely walls, thickly carpeted floors, rich hangings, splendid chandeliers.

Therefore they are furnished with tables of rare design and chairs of the same. Therefore the tables are spread with finest linen and laid with sterling silver and cut glass.

Therefore waiters come from Paris and Berlin and Milan and Vienna and Geneva.

It's "all for the ladies."

**Ladies Lead Refinement.** Men would just as soon sit down at a pine table without a table cloth. Were it not for the ladies the race would quickly degenerate into an ugly, uncouth, unrefined race indeed.

And the Fontenelle is just full of these splendid refinements. The dining room is just such a one as described above.

The palm room adjoining it is very similar. And to match these and still further give that esthetic touch which the feminine conservers of manners and refinement demand, an orchestra of extraordinary melodious tones plays while the viands are being served by foreign waiters in resplendent uniforms and with manners which have been modeled, let us say, after the kings, emperors, dukes and duchesses which may of them have served.

There is a wealth of floral decorations in all the public parts of the hotel, palms, small evergreen trees, growing plants and cut flowers.

**The Mesanitic Floor.** The mesanitic floor, overlooking the lobby, is another concession to the tastes of ladyhood. Specious and carpeted with a deep, velvety carpet, and furnished with chairs and sofas of quaint and tasty design and of rich, expensive quality, it is a place where mother and sister and sweet heart and wife can be away from observation of the general lobby crowd and still can observe what is going on if she will.

Of course this place is open to men as well, but it isn't so public as the lobby itself. There is a certain atmosphere about it that shows such to be the case.

Opening off from it are various rooms that are intended for her use and are richly and splendidly furnished.

**Banquet Room, Too.**

The magnificent banquet room also opens from the mesanitic floor. Does anyone dream that this would ever have been built if it hadn't been for the fair ones. Well, dreams generally go by contraries, so they say, and if anyone does dream that the dream must be interpreted according to the general rule. Mere man would never demand such magnificence. And such magnificence, by the same token, would be useless for mere man. Such magnificence was made to be set off by the beauty of fair women in lovely gowns.

The ladies' reception room opening off of the main lobby is another "dream" of a room, which almost surpasses belief in its lovely furniture and rich carpets and hangings.

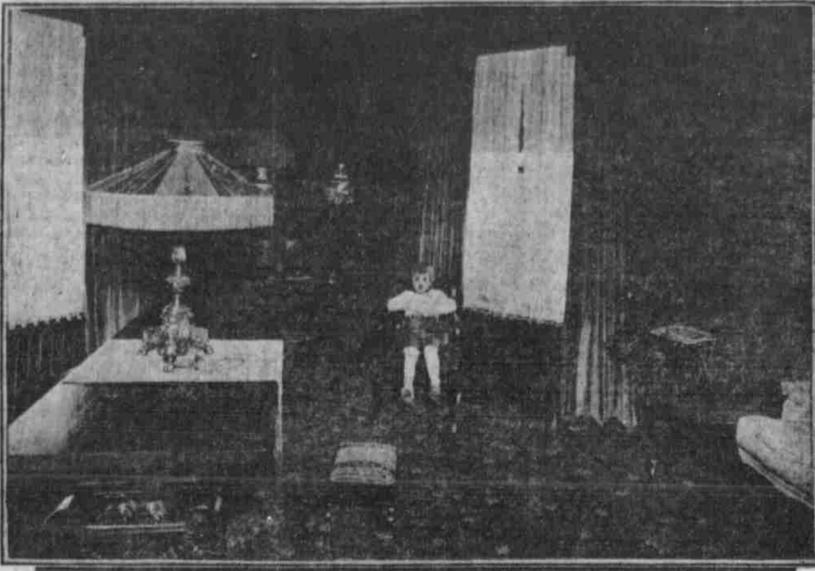
Everywhere are found servants to minister to every slightest whim of the lovely ones. Every servant is spotless and smart in the most approved dress or uniform.

**Always Immaculate.**

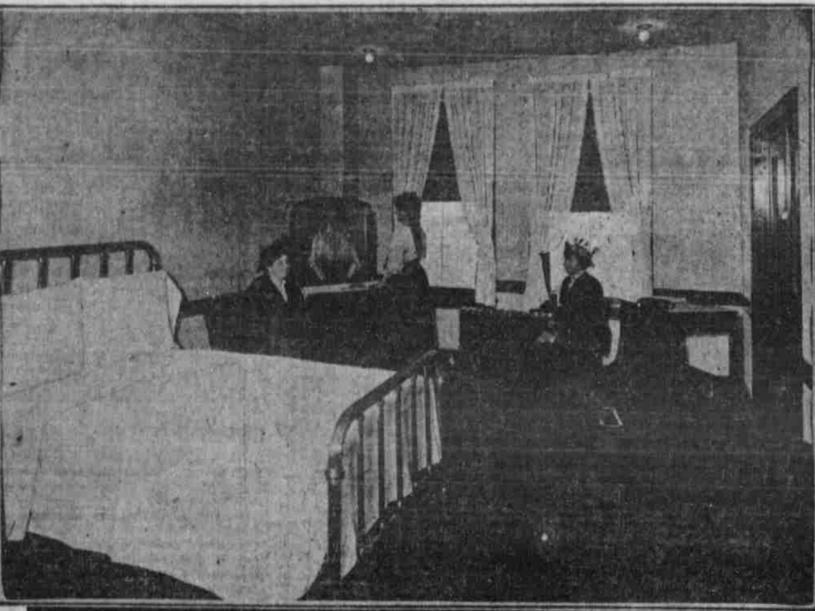
There is the grand usher of the main dining room, who is always immaculate in tuxedo.

From the moment lady's electric or her husband's limousine stops at the door she is surrounded by this air of wealth and luxury. Even at the door of an hotel is a Russian grand duke or an Italian prince or something like that, to judge by his uniform. Ah, no, he is a gentleman of the Ethiopian race, but such a uniform it must dazzle and delight him. It is, like the other uniforms

### Mr. Burbank's Private Sitting Room



In a Sixth Floor Bed Room



found in the public part of the hotel, of a dark brown color and, it is most richly decorated with about five pounds of gold lace and tassels.

The taxi man found also at the door is clad in the same colored uniform, but with different design.

Boilboys, pages and others in this section have such uniforms and so have the elevator operators. On the lapels of all of them which are black velvet is the crest of the hotel done in gold.

#### MEET AFTER FORTY YEARS

At Age of 66 and 62 Schoolyard Friends Become Sweethearts.

A chance meeting last summer, after they had not seen each other in forty years, led to the marriage of Frank H. Conner, a wealthy Colorado ranch owner, and Mrs. Katherine E. Parker, a widow, 136 North Sixty-first street, Philadelphia. Conner is 62 years old and his bride is 66. The pair were born in Girardville, Pa., and attended school together. As a young man Conner went west and engaged in silver mining. Amassing a considerable fortune, he invested in cattle, and now has one of the largest ranches in Colorado.

Some years after leaving Girardville he married. His childhood friend became a bride, and neither saw nor heard from the other until Conner came east several months ago. Then, at a reception, he met Mrs. Parker.

She told him her husband died twenty years ago. He told of the death of his wife three years ago. They talked over old times in Girardville, and when Conner left for the west he had her promise to become his wife.

He returned Saturday and the wedding took place.—Philadelphia North American.

### FREDRICKSON TO HUNT BEAR

Now Spending All His Spare Time Oiling Up His Firearms for Trip to British Columbia.

#### BEARS SAID TO BE WAITING

"Bring your big guns by all means. Don't fool with the little ones. The bear here are thick and some of them are almost as big as a horse."

This is a part of the reply H. E. Fredrickson received from a friend to whom he wrote in British Columbia for information as to what kind of rifles to take with him when he goes clear up to Fort George to hunt bear. Mr. and Mrs. Fredrickson and party expect to start within a month for the far north to spend the summer camping and hunting. Fredrickson has a farm there that he has never seen. The friend writes that any day grizzlies can be seen in the mountains less than twenty miles from Fredrickson's land.

"I am sure we can find a half dozen grizzlies for you in a day's hunt," says the letter from John May of that place. "Then of course we see dozens of the smaller species of bear such as the black and cinnamon bear, but we pay no attention to them."

Fredrickson read the letter, and did not sleep much. No, he says he was not afraid of the bear; but that a real kid-like enthusiasm overwhelmed him. He leaped out of bed in the morning at a quarter before six and began oiling his rifles and revolvers. And when Mrs. Fredrickson came down an hour or two later she found her husband enthusiastically leveling his big elephant gun at door knobs, at pictures on the wall, and at electric light bulbs, just by way of getting his arm and shoulder into form for the big event.

### BRADBURY MOVES INTO HIS SPLENDID NEW OFFICES

Interesting is the story of accomplishment of W. J. Bradbury, D.D.S., who has just announced his removal to splendid new quarters in the Woodmen of the World building.

Dr. Bradbury opened offices at his old location twenty-six years ago, at the age of 18 years. Two years later he bought out his associates and has owned his own practice for twenty-four years.

Dr. Bradbury has won success in his profession and has found time to serve the general interests of Omaha as testified by his work of eight years on various committees of the Commercial club.

His new offices occupy the entire south end of the west wing of the ninth floor of the Woodmen of the World building, and have been divided into eight rooms. Dr. Bradbury and associates each have separate private operating rooms, beside the laboratory, women's rest room and reception room. The chairs and fittings are of white, and black enamel and glass. The suite is lighted from the east, west and south.

Dr. Bradbury graduated from the Indiana Dental college with high honors in a class of fifty-eight students. He is a member of the Commercial club, Field club and various fraternal and benevolent organizations, is a golf enthusiast, a scul-

ous motorist and a keen, all around sportsman.

Dr. Bradbury is blessed with a clear vision, the faculty of looking forward and diving requirements. An example of this is the fact that he has equipped his new offices with everything that science and experience have taught as the most valuable to dental surgery. He has a pleasant personality, going directly to the root of a subject earnestly and sincerely.

He is still quite young and should do his best work within the next quarter of a century.

Instructing the Cub. When Fred Heiskell was city editor of the Arkansas Gazette a cub reporter

turned in a "story" that ran like this: "Buck Seymore was seen with a two-inch auger going down the river road this morning. Wonder what Buck is after now?"

"Here, young man," called out the city editor, "this story is incomplete. We don't print that kind of items in the Gazette. Tell what Buck was doing with the auger."

"I didn't find out," the cub stammered. "Well, I'll tell you this one time. Plainly, he was going after grease fish. You catch 'em by boring a hole in the water and baiting the surface with dried prunes. The grease fish comes out, eats the prunes and swells up so he can't get back in the hole."—New York Mail.

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Will Be

SERVED

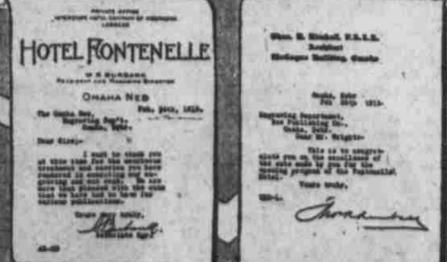
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Hotel Fontenelle

Cudahy Packing Co., South Omaha

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A \$1,500,000 hotel has grand opening. We are proud of having had the privilege to produce all the engraving work used by this enterprise in announcing pictorially the opening of this handsome hotel.



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